

SEVERALL
LETTERS

FROM
SCOTLAND

Relating
The Proceedings of the ARMY there

Read in Parliament the sixth day of
September, One thousand six hundred and fifty.

Imprimatur,

Hen. Scobell Cleric. Parliamenti.



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*A Letter from the Lord Generall to a Member of the
Councill of State.*

S I R,



Ince my last, we seeing the Enemy not willing to engage, and yet very apt to take exceptions against speeches of that kind, spoken in our Army, which occasioned some of them to come to parley with our Officers to let them know that they would fight us, they lying still in, or neer their fastnesse, on the West side of *Edenburgh*. We resolved (the Lord assisting) to draw neer to them once more, to try if we could fight them, and indeed, one houres advantage gained, might probably (we think) have given us an opportunity, to which purpose, upon Tuesday the 27 instant, we marched Westward of *Edenburgh* towards *Sterling*, which the Enemy perceiving, marched with as great expedition as was possible to prevent us, and the Vantguards of both the Armies came to skirmish upon a place, where Bogges and passes made the accesse of each Army to the other difficult. We being ignorant of the place drew up, hoping to have engaged, but found no way feazeable by reason of the bogs and other difficulties.

We drew up our Cannon, and did that day discharge two or three hundred great shot upon them, a considerable number they likewise returned to us, and this was all that passed from each to other, wherein we had neere twenty killed and wounded, but not one Commissioned Officer, the Enemy as we are informed had about four-

score kild and some considerable Officers. Seeing they would keep their ground, from which we could not remove them, and our bread being spent, we were necessitated to go for a new supply, and so marched off about ten or eleven a clock on Wednesday morning. The Enemy perceiving it, and as we conceive, fearing we might interpose between them and *Edenburgh*, though it was not our intention, albeit it seemed so by our march, Retreated back again with all haste, having a Bogge and passes between them and us. There being no considerable action, saving the skirmishing of the Van of our Horse with theirs, neere to *Edenburgh*, without any losse to either part considerable, saving that we got two or three of their Horses.

That night we quartered within a mile of *Edenburgh*, and of the Enemy. It was a most tempestuous night and wet morning, the Enemy marched in the night between *Leith* and *Edenburgh*, to interpose between us and our Victuall, they knowing that it was spent (but the Lord in mercy prevented it) which we perceiving in the morning, got time enough, through the goodnesse of the Lord, to the Sea side to revictuall, the Enemy being drawn up upon the Hill neer *Arthurs Seat*, looking upon us, but not attempting any thing. And thus you have an account of the present Occurrences.

Musleborough 31.

Your most humble servant,

August 1650.

O. CROMWELL.

A Letter from a Collonell of the Army, to a Member of the Conncell of State.

Deare Sir,

Since my last, we have againe twice attempted to engage the *Scotts Army*. Upon Tuesday last, we marched with an endeavour to interpose betwixt *Edenburgh*

burgh and Sterling, and by that necessitate the Enemy to fight, and accordingly wee advanced, with our whole Army, but they being in view of us, (only a river parting) discerned by our march what we designed, and so hastened their march, untill they came to a *Pass* neare us; and drew up in *Battalia*, we did the like, all being confident we should within a quarter of an hour, have an engagement, and as we judged could not be prevented, the ground appearing equally good on both sides. The Word given our was [*RISE LORD*] the body of Foote advancing within lesse then twice Musket shot, and then was discovered such a *Bog* on both our wings of Horse that it was impossible to passe over. Thus by this very unexpected hand of Providence were we prevented, and only had liberty to play with our Cannon that evening and part of the next morning which did good execution, as wee beleive, upon them, we had very strange and remarkable deliverances from theirs, though they played very hard upon us, and that with much art, but the Lord suffered them not to do us much hurt, we had not slaine and wounded above five and twenty men. We finding it not possible to ingage them, and far from our Provisions, divers of our men having cast away their Bisket, with their Tents out of a confidence they should then fight: We therefore resolved upon our march back to the Sea side, The Enemy likewise hastened towards *Edenburgh*, we did beleive their design was to gain a *Pass* or two, and so interpose betwixt us and our Provisions, which they might easily have done being before us, but the Lord gave them not courage to do it, we found them drawne up near *Edenburgh* by *Arthurs hill*, and not at all interrupted our march, but not long after we got over the *Pass*. They instead of offering to advance upon

us, retreated behind one of their Garisons, and so marched on that side of the Passes, we came over up towards those hills we left.

So we finding an impossibility in our forcing them to fight, the Passes being so many and great, that as soone as we get on one side, they go over on the other, that the Councel yesterday was very unanimous on this, that it was to no purpose further to march after them, but inclined generally to fall upon Garisoning of *Dunbarre*, and other considerable places nearer *Tweed*, and after one Garison compleated (if we have no better compliance) proceed to some more severe course then hath bin yet taken. I know many among you will thinke it strange we have done no more against them: I wish they may eye the Lord, and not man. We have this satisfaction, there is no meanes left unattempted by us: We have done our utmost, and the Lord therein gives us comfort, besides many remarkable testimonies of his presence.

Of late we have understood those who have the name of honesty among them, begin to be better satisfied, and more desirous of an Agreement. They are not so of a peece as they were, but their disaffection about the King, and other divisions increase: They see themselves in a snare, and would gladly many of them get out, we are assured their honest men will not long hold in with them. The Lord I doubt not but one way or other will very eminently appear with us, is the prayer of your affectionate humble Servant.

Muscleborough 31 Aug. 1650.

C. F.

Another Letter from the Army.

S I R,

HAVING taken *Redball* Monday the 26 instant, we advanced from *Fenckland* hills, about two miles

to the water of *Leith*, and the next day we marched on, resolving (if possible) to ingage the Enemy, who were drawne up that morning in Battalia, as if they intended to have stood us; but as they observed us wheeling to the Westward, to come upon them, they remooved from their ground, and gained a passe, where there was a boggy ground of each side. Our men were drawn on with all possible speed, not knowing the ground to bee such, and were in a short time set in order. Never more resolution and willingnesse knowne to have engaged an Enemy then was in our men at that time; but when we should have fallen on, neither wing was able to come at them, and then we perceived that, notwithstanding all their bravadoes the day before by Sir *Fo. Browne*, by whom they sent us word they were resolved to give us a faire meeting; Yet their haste towards us was not to engage us, but to stop us from comming at them. Wee stood in Battalia that afternoone, and next morning: the Cannons playing hotly on both sides, and though we were much the fairer mark, standing upon the pitch of a rising ground, yet it pleased God our losse was much the lesse, we had onely about foure that dyed upon the place, and about 18. or 19. wounded; and of the Enemy about 100. wounded and killed, one Col. *Mennes* and a Caprain, and a Lieutenant of Horse, and an Ensigne killed of theirs. We have lost since our comming into *Scotland*, by the Enemy, onely one Commission Officer, viz. Col. *Lilburnes* Corner, who was killed at the charge at *Muscleborough*. There was severall strange shot, one was at Major *Hobsons* Troopes, which was drawne close together to prayer, and just as the *Amen* was said, there came in a great shot among them, and smouched neither Horse nor man. The next morning having

ing but two daies provision left, and seeing we could not in that place engage them, we drew back to our old quarters on *Penckland hills*, and the Enemy drew between *Edinburgh* and *Leith*, as if they would that night have attempted our Garisons on the East side of *Edinburgh*, and have interposed between us and our bread & cheefe. The 29 instant we marched to the Eastward of *Edinburgh*, and seeing the Enemy drawn up from *Arthurs Hill* to the Sea side, we possessed our selves of the next ground to them, within Canon shot, resolving there to have endeavoured to engage them, but they very gallantly drew away between *Arthurs Hill* and *Cragmiller* a Garison of theirs. Our Canons some of them reaching them, and doing as we understand, notable execution upon them. Thus from time to time they avoyded fighting, neither is it possible, as long as they are thus minded, to ingage them, so that to follow them up & down is but to loose time and weaken our selves, methinks this people deale with my Lord, as did the *Irish Army*; so that as his work was to take in garisons, Ours, its humbly conceived, will be to make a considerable Garison or two, & spoiling what of their Country we cannot get under our power. I suppose you will have a full account hercof. This day we march. I think if ever there was an unworthy juggling, which the Lord will witness against, its among those, with whom we have to do. *Stranghan* at a conference since my last, being asked seriously by one what he thought of their King, and whether he conceived him any whit the better, since his signing the late Declaration, replied, that he thought him as wicked as ever, and designing both their and our destruction, and that of the two, he thought his hatred towards them was the more implacable.

Muscleborough 3^d Aug. 1650.

Your Honors, Humble
Servant. G. D.

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